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course, /32/ some members living further away and many of the younger people between thirty and twenty years old are either away at school or off on relocation. Nevertheless, the homesteads remain in definable clusters. The Comanches seem to be more dispersed by comparison. This would seem to be the case even in those instances when the original homestead of 1901 was adjacent to the allotments and homes of the other family members. People frequently move to purchased allotments. This impression may be due to coincidence in the few samples I have but there is some verification for my impression from the Wermeys who run the Indian Arts and Crafts Cooperative in Anadarko. According to them the Comanches are far more scattered and more difficult to locate than the other tribes in the area with whom they deal. Although both the Kiowas and Comanches took allotments on the sites where they were camped at the time the law was passed (coincident with band affiliation) the Comanches seem to have broken up this pattern more than the Kiowas or the other tribes further to the north. Perhaps the original band affiliations were less cohesive due to their comparatively large size. In spite of the fact that more mapping may be done it will be virtually impossible to get enough typical samples to tell the true story. The same problem rears its ugly head in respect to the actions of the younger generation. We have no simple means by which to determine the extent and nature of the dispersion of the younger generation. Although the relocation program does not appear to be having significant results other factors (see first report) seem to be moving many of the young people into towns.

As much as the settlement patterns may be changing, effects that such changes have, or may have, upon the kinship organizations are interfered with to some extent by the increased mobility offered by the automobile and the constantly improving road network. This mobility gives the dispersed extended family more opportunity to keep up contact via frequent visits by auto. But here again it is virtually impossible for the single investigator to gather sufficient data.

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These young Indians had
spent less time on horseback and more time inside, out of the weather; nor had they ever ridden the war trails. The women of this group took better care of their hair. The older women's hair generally had an untidy look.

This sullen aloofness and aimless drifting didn't affect the younger children—it seemed to set in when a boy got to be fifteen or sixteen years old. The younger children, when they arrived home on vacation, were bursting with energy. They rode their ponies helter-skelter over the prairies and rivaled the channel cat in Cache Creek with their cavorting, swimming, and diving.

They came to town with their parents—the girls riding in a hack or the little lumber wagon with the women. If it was the wagon, the bows and canvas cover converted it into a little prairie schooner. On a nice day the canvas would be rolled up a ways on either side, to let the air through.

Comanche men and boys never rode in the wagon or hack with the women. The boys would be riding along with their father, horseback. If there were not enough stock saddles to go around, the younger boys would be riding ancient Mexican-type saddles. These Mexican saddles had a flat look, compared to the up-to-date stock saddle. Neither the fork nor the cantle was as high, while the seat was broader. Its most distinguishing feature was the top of the fork. Thin, broad, and round, it made one think of a pancake. I am sure the tops of some of the horns were as much as four inches across.

Somehow, the youngsters always had a few nickels to spend for candy, cakes, and wax—their name for all kinds of chewing gum. The happy parents stood around and glowed in their pride. Sometimes the parents had one of the youngsters show off—they would have one of the boys interpret as they bought their groceries or other store items. They wanted everyone in the store to see how much their children had learned.

But all this youthful, happy exuberance suddenly vanished in the late teens. Few of the girls stayed in school as long as the boys, and the girls never got the good from their Carlisle clothes. About the second or third time they came to the store after their last year in school, they would buy some gay-colored, patterned calico along with matching cotton braid. The next time you saw them, they would be wearing a *pit-si-qui-na.*

The young men did wear out their white man's clothes, but seem-

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595 camp functioning properly. The tasks were varied and time-consuming, and no one woman could have taken care of all of them.

462 492 [224] The warrior-husband was the killer of game, the procurer of buffalo meat, the Comanches' principal source of food. He had to have two sets of trained horses—one trained for war, the other for the killing of buffalo. In either pursuit, his life was largely dependent on the horse. He manufactured both his riding gear and his weapons, and he trained his own horses. His fighting was practically on a twelve-month basis, since, though the Comanches did not like winter fighting, most of the ambitious warriors made raiding expeditions into Old Mexico when the group went into winter camp.

462 [492] [231] The husband, therefore, could be of little or no help around the camp, and the labor had to be divided among the women. Usually one of the women was an expert horsewoman and had the responsibility of her husband's horse herd, which often numbered a hundred or more. When the fall hunt was on for the winter's supply of meat, the wives did the skinning and butchering. They dried the meat and made the pemmican. Also, they prepared and tanned the hides. After the tanning came the making of clothing. This included everything the family wore, both in summer and winter. Since there was neither needle nor thread, the holes in the leather were made with a stone awl or one made from bone, and sinew taken from along the backbone of a buffalo or deer was used for thread.

[224] [251] 462 231 [294] 283 [412]

[281] [493] Other hides were converted into robes for bedding or into covers for the tepees. When camp was moved, tepees had to be taken down and fastened on travoises, like all the other camp gear, and then camp must be set up again at the new location. All of this was strictly woman's work.

Somewhere, sometime, during breathing spells from all these duties, the women bore babies, nursed them, and raised them to be good Comanches. And all this was in a society without a recognized medium of exchange, in which no one could hire anything done. The Comanches did, however, utilize slave labor. Successful warriors furnished captive women to their wives for helpers. These captive women were given the opportunity to trade their slave status for wifehood, and captive girls were carefully trained to become Comanche wives. Captive boys were trained as warriors to fill the vacancies in the warrior ranks. In addition to members of other tribes, Anglos, Spaniards, and Mexicans were abducted to be made slaves.

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The women and girls rode in the wagon or hack, but the men and boys would be mounted on their finest horses. Their saddles and bridles would be polished, and each would be carrying a gaudy quirt. I got the impression that when the men and boys were put on parade like this, they belonged to the whole family of women and girls. At least, they would all be equally puffed up with pride; It wouldn't have done to have pricked any one of them with a needle.

I grew up in a society where we all had Sunday clothes put away for special occasions. But this Comanche custom of dolling up the men and boys carried a greater significance for them. It was of a ritualistic nature.

To sum up: contrary to the impression of inner family turmoil I had received from the accounts in the *Star* and the *Journal* of the workings of polygamy, the Comanche made it work. As far as the older Comanches were concerned, it had been and was an ideal arrangement.

To all appearances, everyone involved in the multiple wife setup—the husband, the wives, the children—was quite happy with it. I never observed a quarrel between wives. I never saw one wife mistreat another. Nor did I ever observe a display of jealousy in relation to either husband or child.

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MY FRIEND CHARLEY ROSS

OOO IT MUST HAVE BEEN close to the first of December, 1902, when early one morning the second norther of a mild fall struck. Like the first one, it wasn't a true blue norther, and during the day several light showers came over, hitching rides on the hurrying wind.

Soon the small amount of moisture from each shower was worked into the dirt of our street, without ever having had a chance to run off. By night the street was well cut up. Then the real cold arrived. By morning our street was frozen solid in its chopped-up condition. When the sun came up, it found the clouds cleared away; but the wind was as vicious and stinging as it had been the day and night before. Dad had mail he wanted to leave on the morning mail hack, so I put on about all the clothes I owned and started for the post office.

Our main business street in the little town of Faxon, Indian Territory, was only two blocks long, and most of the buildings, including ours, were on the north side. There were only scattered buildings on the south side of the street. All the buildings were one story, except the one where the post office was located. It was a story and a half, and the merchant-postmaster and his family lived upstairs. Dad's building, of box type construction, had a frame false front which extended full width as high as the comb of the roof.

493 As I stepped out of the store door, two little Indian wagons, with-

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out bows or canvas and with only one outrider, turned into the street from the southeast trail. With the pony teams at a brisk trot the miniature lumber wagons rattled and bumped toward me over the rough frozen ground.

Ours was the farthest store west, with only a wagon yard beyond. Deciding that the wagons were heading for our store, I waited to see who was in them. Looking into the early morning as I was, I couldn't tell. When they were about a half-block away they came out of the sun's rays, and I saw it was the Charley Ross family and the family of his brother-in-law To-pet-chy, with Charley Ross riding horseback. Then the women and children in the wagons began smiling and shouting, "*Hi-hites Para-da-de-a! Hi-hites Para-da-de-a!*" They were looking right at me.

The Comanche country had been our home—Dad's, Mother's, and mine—for about seven months. I had been trying desperately to learn a Comanche vocabulary sufficient for use in the store Dad had started, and as much as possible about the different Indian families living in our trade territory. Both of these families had been trading at the store. Charley Ross seemed to be one of the very few educated Indians who would talk readily with white people. He was several years older than the other Indians who had been away to school.

The women drivers turned their pony teams in to our hitchrack, but instead of getting out, they sat there smiling and shouting, along with the children, "*Hi-hites Para-da-de-a!*" Charley swung down from his saddle, left his horse ground hitched, and, smiling, came up to me and put a hand on either shoulder. "Know what the women and children are saying?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I know *hi-hites*. It's a sort of hello, but a hello you only say to a friend."

"They are saying your new name. Your Comanche name. *Para-da-de-a*. Means Big Boy."

This sudden honor—I realized it was an honor—left me tongue-tied with embarrassment. Charley saved the day for me by continuing, "The Comanches like the way you treat them when they come into the store. They like the way you live. They want you to have a Comanche name. Then other Indians, Indians who don't know you, will know you are to be trusted, because your Comanche friends give you a Comanche name."

This is how it happened that Charley Ross became my friend, in-